

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heaven
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,

What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund:
I did repell his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but bestrow my Ielousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe, to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and
Gylldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrans, and Gylldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of

So much as from occasion you may
Whether ought to vs vnknowne
That opend lyes within our rem

Quee. Good gentlemen, he
And sure I am, two men there is
To whom he more adheres, if it
To shew vs so much gentry and
As to expend your time with vs
For the supply and profit of our
Your visitation shall receiue such
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the foueraigne power
Put your dread pleasures more in
Then to entreatie.

Gyl. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in
To lay our seruice freely at your
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks Rosencrans, and

Quee. Thanks Gylldensterne,
And I beseech you instantly to
My too much changed sonne,
And bring these gentlemen who

Gyl. Heauens make our pre
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Enter Polonius

Pol. Th'embassadors from
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been th

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure
I hold my durie as I hold my soule
Both to my God, and to my gr
And I doe thinke, or els this br
Hunts not the trayle of policie
As it hath vsd to doe, that I ha
The very cause of Hamlets lunacy

King. O speake of that, that